THE COMMONWEAL

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THE END OF THE RAINBOW

VETERANS of the Rainbow Division have been enjoying their Baltimore convention, and the presence of General Henri Gouraud, once their French commander, has given colorful dignity to the occasion. Perhaps there has never been another such division, gathered from the four parts of the land and merging city and country boys under one sign. From the very beginning it was on its honor, was a fair sample of what the American soldier would be in war. To that trust officers and men were utterly loyal. We remember the Rainbow in Lorraine, getting used to gas masks and nightly raids. The days when it came back from the terrible fighting in Champagne fields are unforgettable—companies decimated, squads gone, but the old care-free pride still there. And who shall blame us for recalling that to it belonged the most famous of war-time Catholic chaplains and our most illustrious Catholic soldier poet? As a matter of fact there were many poets, and foursquare Protestant chaplains too. In short this was a human, young, brave, friendly, stout-hearted, all-American outfit—English, Irish, German, French, Jewish in origin. It may have been purposed by little philosophy but its heart was beating.

And what has happened to the Rainbow? Disbanded, the men have settled like seeds everywhere in big and little towns. Rank and routine are no more; eminence that once was has given way to varying civil success. Faded, too, are the generous ardors of those days. If a man were to go abroad nursing in his breast the martial zeal of 1917, he would strike most of us as a scarcely harmless idiot. The old songs have lost their ring, and the ruined houses of Pont-a-Mousson have been rebuilt. Yet it has needed only a reunion, and the presence of a weary, old French soldier with medals on his breast, to summon from their hiding places generosities and purposes once as important as life. The whole war may have been a hideous mistake. Statesmen should have rushed to meet one another, in 1915, with peace pacts ready to sign. So much of ruin, of inconsolable sorrow, of madness unloosed, might have been forestalled. All these are, however, as they are. Our friendship for the right, as that was given to us to know, remains a preciously splendid thing. Our love for France is still our honor. Our willingness to die must be our best title to the right to live.

But, as always, the light of a campfire is one matter,

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and the pulse of the world another. There exists a will for peace, but it is too passive to be an affection. We are merely eager to muffle the drums in order that our peace and our possessions remain undisturbed. And so America, like the rest of contemporary humanity, feels no lilt in the communal step, no dream of giving past the brim of the cup. One confronts, for instance, the baffling business of the debts, so hard to ignore and so impossible to cancel. Everybody realizes now the vast popular tide which moved silently against the entry of the United States into the war, and which eventually overwhelmed too eager attempts to weld the nation with Europe. This tide is not ungenerous, is certainly not compounded of hard-fisted misers. It is simply that great energy of public opinion which the Rainbow did not represent. And therefore Poincaré is very correct and practical in realizing that immediate, unconditional ratification of the Mellon-Berenger debt agreement is the only possible French policy.

On the other hand, the old generosity, honor and willingness which found such resplendent emblems ten years ago cannot be satisfied with mere acceptance of the courageous élan with which Poincaré and Briand have persuaded their country to assume the burdens and the risks involved. There are those who do not wish the richest nation in the world simply to increase its wealth at the expense of another which sacrifice has made poor. Would it not make for a better world, they argue, to adjust the financial balances accruing from the war on the basis of that very generosity to which we once looked for the conquest of militant nationalism? Might not a less harassed France deal leniently with a harassed Germany and thus restore normalcy to Europe? These queries are not merely idealistic. They involve economic and financial problems of the greatest importance. They involve possibly the peace and security of the entire world. And how can they be answered?

Is it out of place to suggest that one reply might be found in an application of the Rainbow principle? Numerous industries and individuals profited greatly by the war, and are now anxious to safeguard acquisitions of commercial power and good-will. Others are actuated by a genuine, humanitarian interest in Europe, or more generally in mankind. Accordingly one feels it well within the range of possibility that something like a "volunteer capital levy" be raised to pay off a generous part of the French debt. That would dispose of political difficulties no government can circumvent, and would reap a heavy interest of gratitude. In all likelihood funds might be obtained on the basis of a conditional bond issue, the terms of which called for a return of the capital given if budget circumstances eventually warranted it. A sum equal to five dollars for every American citizen raised in this fashion would be almost as effective as the despatch of the Rainbow division itself to France, and its beneficent effect cannot be estimated. Why not raise it?

WEEK BY WEEK

THAT some manner of a fight between Russian and Chinese troops has occurred at a point along the route of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria seems undeniable. One also hears that excited civilian crowds in both countries have been gossiping about mobilization, national honor and sundry ultimatums. The factors in the situation are exceedingly vague, and the news is mostly rumor. But there are a few sober facts which seem ominous. Russia has made an effort to invade China with economic and propaganda agents, Britain has been greatly disturbed, and Nanking has finally repudiated Moscow. Nobody knows much about the size and quality of the army which Stalin controls, and it is admitted that, as such excuses go, his justification for a martial step might be fairly impressive. War and serious war at that is, therefore, far from being out of the question. We may see a move diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Kellogg treaties. Can any preventive measure be taken? The difficulty is to discern a proper method. The United States is not on speaking terms with Russia, and the hands of Great Britain are tied. We suggest that the German government is in the right position to act as mediator and representative of the neutral powers. Could this government be formally invited to consider the problem? The query is important precisely because the situation is dark and because ugly conflicts have, in the past, arisen out of similar darknesses which might have been dispelled by foresighted, mediatory action.

Skirmishing in Manchuria

EARLY as it is, the anti-war treaties have already lost some prestige in the Orient because of the curious utility to which China insists on putting them. Particularly must Japan, watching every development in the situation as having a possible bearing on the future of the South Manchurian Railway, regard the Chinese interpretation with distrust. In answer to the admonitions of Secretary Stimson, the Nationalist government says, "As signatories of the Kellogg pact we shall not resort to war unless necessary in self-defense." But in seizing control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, it had already used force to settle, in its own satisfaction, a dispute which might so easily have been submitted to friendly neutral nations for arbitration. In effect, then, its whole policy in the affair has been to take what it could get and then invoke the treaties to preserve peace. It may yet develop that this naive diplomacy has been suggested by not uninterested western powers. For the present all that can be said is that it contrasts sadly with the rhetoric of fairness and peace as uttered at Nanking. We have all been pleased to note signs of a new vigor, courage and independent intelligence in China, but the pity is that it seems to have been accompanied lately with a spirit of hostility and suspicion.

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EIGHT of the nine members selected to constitute the Farm Board have met in conference. As had been anticipated, Mr. Hoover's address to them stressed the point that no hasty solution of any one problem is desired. The Board is to be an advocate not of drugs or surgery, but of dietetic and calisthenic treatment. This last can, however, be administered with considerable thoroughness, since $150,000,000 are available. It is fortunate that one of the more acute maladies has temporarily cured itself. A spectacular rise in the price of wheat, due to unfavorable Canadian weather, has moved thousands of growers squarely into easy street. Less than two months ago the market seemed without a bottom, and glances toward Washington were numerous and hungry. Meanwhile attention has been concentrated upon the development of existing coöperative machinery. How can this be perfected? And will it, when mature, actually do the work expected of it? Unrestrained optimism regarding the answers to these queries may be out of place, but there is no doubting the excellence of the personnel chosen to discuss them. Every member of the Board is equipped with experience and much more besides. We believe their meeting together is safely termed a great step forward.

Farm Board Beginnings

SO MANY questions have been asked about the Lateran treaties that a source of information accepted as trustworthy and impartial ought to be more than welcome. Miss Vera Micheles has, in fact, prepared for the Foreign Policy Association a bulletin summarizing the events with such lucidity that we cannot refrain from hoping that many of our readers will send for a copy. The address of the Association is 18 West 41 Street, New York City, and the price is $.25. This bulletin is, of course, a summary and not an interpretation. It describes the international organization and administrative practice of the Church, setting forth numerous facts often ignored or misunderstood. The history of the relations between Italy and the Holy See is then given in brief, with clear explanations of the Law of Guarantees and the policies of Fascismo. Finally the most important aspects of the present treaties are set forth with as much fulness as the average reader requires. Naturally enough, not every conjecture which has been raised is answered here; but diverse and sundry conjecturers ought to be grateful for so succinct a compilation of facts.

What Is the Lateran Accord?

AMONG recent opinions regarding this whole subject none seems to have attracted so much attention as Professor La Piana's brief article in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin. The concordat, so we were informed, stipulates that Italian priests who have separated from the Church are to hold no civil office where they could have direct influence upon the public. According to Dr. La Piana (himself once a priest) this means the dismissal from office of many prominent Italian university professors, and so strikes a great blow at the country's intellectual advancement. What shall one say to this? It is true, apparently, that any "ex-priest" may be removed from a teaching appointment. Two things must, however, be borne in mind. First, the number of such men is not large but exceedingly small. So far as we have been able to learn, not a single one of the so-called "modernist clergy" in Italy has taught any but a religious subject. In practice, therefore, the ruling means that the public will, which recognizes the Catholic faith officially, is to refrain from establishing the authority of a direct dissenter from that faith. Secondly, no source of possible unfriendly relations between church and state in a country like Italy is half so dangerous as malignant opposition of former clerics. To recognize this truth is simply to use one's common sense and one's knowledge of human nature.

THE Conference of Governors, which received such disturbing publicity as the result of Mr. Wickersham's letter, was not expected to accomplish anything. It seemed tacitly agreed that the Conference should do nothing which might distinguish it from a gathering of librarians, let us say, or county judges. And at the right moment a rule prohibiting resolutions of a controversial nature was invoked to stop a vote on the now famous letter, and also, perhaps, to keep the meeting from becoming at all significant as a conference of governors. Now on this same day, Mr. Coolidge's latest essay was released, and in it he declared that the President is coming "more and more to stand as the champion of the rights of the whole country," because in "hours of timidity the Congress becomes subservient to the importunities of organized minorities." So between them, the Conference and the essay summarize one of the most notable changes in the practice of government in this country, with the President being forced toward the exercise of "dictatorial powers," and governors being recognized as not much more than press agents for the industrial advantages of their respective states, or as official welcomers to tourists and fraternal conventions. If, once a year, they consult together, they cannot be expected to develop a sudden interest in an obsolete ideal, which is about what state sovereignty has ultimately become.

The Governors Meet

WHILE Mr. Wickersham was telling the governors about the new job all cut out for them, Judge Learned Hand was busily consulting the dictionary. Can it be affirmed that bootlegging constitutes a "moral turpitude"? The question arose when a Mexican resident in the United States was found guilty of having obtained a visa without mentioning the circumstance that he had once spent

Moral Turpitude

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some nights in jail for violation of the Volstead Act. Threatened with deportation, the poor fellow was brought into the circuit court over which Judge Hand presides. It immediately became obvious that the defendant ought not to be escorted to the docks unless the offense he committed was actually a turpitude. And Judge Hand decided it was not. The attitude of the public mind, he declared, is "nebulous at best." The sale and possession of liquor does not "as yet" occupy a very low seat "among our commonly accepted mores." To these wise observations he then added another: Congress can, if it so desires, make an act of transgression against prohibition a "moral turpitude." Here is employment for some industrious senator. We suggest, however, that a still more glorious opportunity awaits him who can remove the "nebulousness" from the public mind.

Blessing the Intellect

WE BELIEVE that the custom of giving publicity to interviews granted by the Pope to visiting American bishops is highly commendable. In no other way can the counsels of Rome be made so familiar to the average person; and of course the value of closer relationships is obvious. The report of the recent audience of Bishop Schrembs is particularly interesting. After discussing the Lateran treaties, His Holiness "spoke of the necessity of the bishops occupying themselves with forming an intelligent clergy, cultured and conversant with the intellectual necessities of the times." One ventures to speak of this matter because there is still far too much disposition to believe that higher priestly education is a waste of time. It is asserted often enough that being in charge of a parish is incompatible with anything save earnest pastoral work, and the existing demand for men sometimes precludes recognition of the existing demand for minds. Time and time again the Pope has spiked these delusions. And certainly one cannot but regard it as singular that, inside a Church which exactly fifty years ago recommended the point of view of Saint Thomas so solemnly, there should persist a feeling that brain exercise is at least mildly heretical.

NOT long ago we were talking with a bishop and remarking that some way ought to be found for bringing intellectual workers among the clergy and the laity upon a ground they could share in common. We admitted that laymen who professed to being educated were occasionally in danger of the suspicion of "wanting to know more than the clergy," and pointed out that in one or two instances an accusing finger had even been pointed at our humble selves. The bishop agreed heartily, but felt that the hierarchy did not have either the time or the opportunity to deal with the matter. Such a problem must, he said, be taken up by those directly concerned. Now The Commonweal is proud of the fact that it has been able to publish the work of distinguished priests, religious and laymen under one banner, as it were, but has no disposition to ignore the circumstance that such co-operation is far from enough. We feel that the laymen is often in danger of ignoring spiritual or theological points of view, and that the clergy in turn are now and then unaware of journalistic standards. Could not the Pope's counsel, as expressed above, be enlarged to imply the need for an exchange of views—and still more an exchange of charity—between the groups? This idea has given birth to several European organizations, but we feel the matter could be done here in a genuinely American way. There ought to be a Catholic Academy of America—somewhat after the pattern of the existing Mediaeval Academy. We shall even venture to say that it would deserve a generous endowment, whatever Mrs. Grundy might mutter in her beard.

The Submarine

IF WE interpret correctly the remarks attributed to Mr. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, the British government may be expected shortly to restate its proposal for the outlawing of the submarine. "The possibility of reaching an agreement is constantly borne in mind by this government," he says, and since we have recently had demonstrations enough of the undesirability of the submarine, the times should be more propitious to such an agreement than in 1921, when the British declared for it at Washington. Then the submarine and the airplane had still to prove their utility in peace, and where the plane has succeeded, the submarine has failed. As a cargo carrier it has no merits. It has given nothing to science beyond tempting Sir Hubert Wilkins with the possibility of a voyage beneath the polar ice cap. And it is unsafe. Engineers have been developing rescue devices, but if a submarine happens to go down in deep water, neither rescue nor even salvage are possible. These considerations are enough to convince most of us. But they are not enough to convince France and Italy so long as the present tension exists along the Mediterranean. If the outlook is not more favorable then, it is because the probability of war is not yet replaced by the probability of peace. When it is, the submarine will go.

In Blackest Africa

THE most effective criticism we have seen of present-day exploitation of the African savage is that attributed to the veteran missionary Père Aupiais. After he had testified before the International Labor Bureau recently to the abuses of the African work camps he was asked if it were not true that the Negroes are lazy and unwilling to work, even when offered good wages. The question, incidentally, is characteristic of the stupid and cruel attitude against which the missionaries protest. Père Aupiais answered it by saying, first of all, that private property means nothing to the blacks who can be justly

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paid "only in the coin of economic determinism." He said that they are willing to work when they have a reason for working. And he said that they are not lazy, but that because of the generosity of nature and their system of collective ownership they are unable to understand the incessant labors to which the European is impelled by necessity and competition. And not, we can imagine the old priest saying to himself, by a superior righteousness. As for the position of the missionary in Africa, it is "to civilize, not merely to produce." And there is a measure of the distance that so completely separates Père Aupiais and his confrères from the exploiter.

Hugo von Hoffmansthal

ONE period in Austrian literature may be termed definitely closed, now that the tragic death of the most famous poet to have figured in it has aroused much the same emotions as those stirred by his own melancholy plays. Hugo von Hoffmansthal, best known in this country as a librettist and author of Reinhardt's version of Everyman, was the "marvelous boy" of the Viennese 1890's. He had written three remarkable dramas prior to his twentieth birthday; and the aesthetes of the time really came near believing him a magician. Though born a Jew, Von Hoffmansthal was haunted all his life long by the Christian faith, but it appealed to him mostly as an aesthetic experience, a treasury of symbolism. Over his art he seems to have written the motto: "No road leads from poetry into life, and none from life into art." At its worst, therefore, his writing may fairly be compared to trinkets of precious stones, or even (with a severe critic) to boxes of bonbons. Yet he had a truly marvelous ability to reconstruct, in measures of pale loveliness, the materials of great literature and art. He was at home in old Venice, in the cities of the renaissance, in the Orient and in Attica; and strangely enough his anthologies are among the best of all his works. Von Hoffmansthal's versions of Catholic masterpieces—versions which, in some instances, have attained to world-wide popularity—are all remarkably well done, but suffer from the fact that indispensable vitality and sincerity have somehow ebbed away. But something of this "frustration" is evident in almost all his work. He belonged to a generation, and sums it up better, perhaps, than anyone else.

Best-Sellers Only

BOOK-DEALERS and publishers are in conference for three weeks at Columbia University this summer in order to discover how to make every book a best-seller, or at least how to prevent any book from failing to interest a respectable number of purchasers. Ways of benefiting through *local interest, racial appeal and religious loyalty* will be examined, for instance, and if the directors are as wise as they should be, they will not neglect the possibilities in prejudice, unfavorable criticism, censorship and suppression. It is a program which should be given the widest publicity so that it may encourage unprosperous authors to be up and doing in their summer vacations, and to keep them, if they are tempted to think of the cold winter ahead, from despair. We hope that this much of good may come from it. If our enthusiasm is not greater, it is because three weeks is a short time, and also because we are convinced that neither publishers nor book-dealers, even with the sympathy of Columbia University, can ever discover what makes a best-seller. Only the book-buying public (although we have never come in contact with it we are assured it is a large one) knows that, and its tastes change so rapidly, its selections depend upon the right conjunction of so many things, that any information squeezed out of it this summer will be useless in the fall. In one direction, however, the conference has made progress. "Love of books," declared one of the speakers, "is the cause of many bookshop failures."

Coy Candidates

THOSE opponents of the present administration, now entrenched in the New York City Hall, have at last heard the dread word—the Mayor is a candidate to succeed himself. For months Mr. Walker has attempted to appear before an apathetic public as uncertain about the all-important matter. Meanwhile he has not escaped the measured criticisms which have been leveled at him from many quarters, and which an unavowed candidate might have hoped to escape. Yet the man who so suavely accepts reëlection, which is sure to follow on his decision to run, will win victory at the polls not because he is the best man for the position, but because he is the best of the candidates who will seek the election. Naturally, though unfortunately, the citizens do not get excited about such a state of affairs, and no amount of recriminations from the recrudescing Mr. Hylan nor the fulminations of the press, indignant at the non-solution of important city problems, will avail to change their resigned acquiescence in the Mayor's continuance in office. The situation is typical too frequently of an American election. Better candidates might be had if more men of unimpeachable probity and ability made themselves available in the field of politics, but it must remain for the voters to demand the type of political leader they prefer. If an expressed preference is withheld, one is warranted, however cynically, in concluding that they get precisely what they want.

VERY shortly after the announcement of Mr. Walker's decision, word issued from Hyde Park, New York, that Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt is not "a candidate for President" (whatever that may mean). The declaration was accompanied by a rather nettled comment on "the purely speculative and wholly false insinuations or statements about any consideration

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which I am giving to national candidacy." Of course there is a purely human aversion to loquacity about one's ambitions. There is always the danger that the achievement will fall so disproportionately short of the desired goal as to be ridiculous. No one expects Mr. Roosevelt to consider himself as a candidate for the White House at the present time. It is about Mr. Roosevelt's ambition to be a candidate in 1932 that some political writers have been concerned. No fault can be found with the entertainment of this ambition. And accepting it, for the moment, as a certainty, has gone far toward satisfactorily explaining the New Yorker's course at the recent governors' conference in New London. Solely considering the empire state, which is wet and where he is considered a wet, Mr. Roosevelt need not have been so cautious about the wet-dry debate which he himself precipitated by reading the Wickersham letter. But the public reaction to prohibition in 1932 is unguessable and a Democratic standard-bearer may perforce have to be a dry. We do not accuse Mr. Roosevelt of reasoning thus. To have done so would effect a piece of adroit political maneuvering and he ought to be happy, not disturbed, that many observers have noted and acclaimed it.

THE HOLY WAR

NO ONE is quite sure what sort of modification Mr. Wickersham had in mind when he suggested to the conference of governors that the national and state prohibition laws might "be modified so as to become reasonably enforceable," but the implication is clear that he does not consider it possible to enforce these laws as they now exist without recourse to violent measures. Coming so soon after Dr. Clarence True Wilson's article in Collier's headed Call Out the Marines, it is in itself a comment on that article. Dr. Wilson is all for the bayonet and the machine-gun, but Mr. Wickersham, whose committee is to study the enforcement, not of one law, but of all laws, must know well enough that it is this attitude which has already resulted in the violation of laws much older than prohibition. He must know, too, that the prohibition agent is not merely an officer of the law with the assumptions, privileges and immunities under which he operates today. Even the Anti-saloon League will not accept so simple a definition of his status. He is classed not with the guardians of the law, but with the law-makers; he is a law unto himself. He is of the prophets, particularly of the prophets who were also conquerors in blood. He shoots in the name of Providence, as though the kingdom on earth were to be carried with a gun. He dreams, perhaps, of a kingdom in heaven assured to all who kill in the creed of the Eighteenth Amendment. And so it is not for us to approve or disapprove of him as though he were the common urban variety of policeman, or a rustic constable. He is no more to be approved, or disapproved, than a bolt of lightning.

From a distance, however, he is not unattractive; there is some occult satisfaction in the pattern of his fierceness, as, from a distance, there is satisfaction in the spectacular manifestations of other things cruel in themselves. It is in this way, no doubt, that future students of history will look at him, just as some of us regard, not altogether unamiably, the murderous doings of Mohammed and Attila, of Alexander and Tamerlane.

But for the present he is much too close for comfort, and if you have been living recently in Buffalo, Aurora, Illinois, International Falls, Minnesota, or Tecumseh, Oklahoma, you might say that it is time we began to put some distance between ourselves and him; time we began to speed the day when the historical imagination might be free to give us whatever profit and pleasure we are ever to derive from his existence.

The way to do this is to deflate him: to prick his sacrosanct illusion. We must insist that his powers are police powers and not military powers and not law-making powers. We must insist that he be regarded as an ordinary police officer, bound not only to defend the law but also to observe it; that when he enters a home without warrant, or shoots on suspicion and investigates afterward, the government shall seek his punishment, just as the state now seeks to punish a policeman who has been too free with his authority. We must insist that our government go about the business of prohibition enforcement with the quiet efficiency which is to characterize the Hoover administration, and not with the frenzy, the fanaticism and the hysteria that characterize a holy war.

To insist on this, of course, is to admit that we have no sense of humor. But there are situations in which it is not usually possible to indulge a sense of humor. One of them is at the point of a sawed-off shotgun. Another is under the thumbs of men who in ten years have not been known to demonstrate any humor but ill humor.

Perhaps for modificationists the only way out consistent with good nature is to agree, in return for a promise, to Dr. Clarence True Wilson's demand for a bigger and more zealous war. Dr. Wilson thinks that prohibition has never had a chance, by which he means that drinking in itself has not yet been made a crime; that the first offense has not involved a prison sentence; that martial law has not been proclaimed in New York and Maryland, and, presumably, in Montana and Wisconsin; that the standing army of the United States has not yet been utilized in the cause. What he wants, apparently, is not a chance but a set-up.

If we should say yes to this scheme, what would he promise? Suppose that after four years of enforcement by the military there should still remain a widespread opposition to prohibition. Will Dr. Wilson then admit that it has had its chance? And failed? Will he, and those who stand with him, suggest modification then? Will they have been persuaded?

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AMERICA FOR AMERICANS

By ELMER MURPHY

Caste consciousness is always with us. But does the recent activity of Congress indicate that intense national feeling has influenced important government decisions? In the following paper Mr. Murphy, a veteran Washington observer, scores that "mantle of self-sufficiency" which he believes has been draped around the American outlook. Tariff schedules and national-origins legislation are adduced as evidence. Whether or not one agrees with his indictment, the observations here set forth concern matters of interest and consequence which it is not well for good citizens to overlook.—The Editors.

CONGRESS on a holiday presents a convenient opportunity for an examination of the political conscience—at a time when a little introspection cannot be anything but wholesome. It has come closely enough to grips with the problems confronting it to disclose the stuff of which it is made and what may be expected of it when it can wander as it will, during the forthcoming regular session, over the whole legislative domain.

The struggle over the tariff, the contention between the House and Senate, the ability or inability of President Hoover to pick his way through the parliamentary wilderness reveal no new traits of character. The House has always looked with cynical scrutiny on the claims of its elder senatorial brother to titular headship of the legislative household. The Senate has always resented any implication that the President is directing its footsteps, and Presidents have a habit of oscillating between conviction and expediency in shaping a course of parliamentary action. If these squabbles are interesting, they are within the governmental household and of little moment from the view-point of a public actively concerned with government during a national campaign.

But under the surface stirrings of these legislative catspaws a much deeper, and perhaps a much more fateful current is moving. Call it "pharasaical nationalism," as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler would, or "100-percentism" or "political provincialism" in its worst sense, the national legislature has shown in approaching the questions with which it has dealt in its two months of deliberation an inclination to carry to extreme lengths the doctrine that has always been the pet child of the politicians and the shibboleth of democracy in an assertive mood—America for Americans or, obversely, America against the rest of the world.

The tariff bill passed by the House and now under Senate scrutiny, rests upon the theory that American markets are sacred to American producers, the offspring of which is the strange project of shutting out bananas in order that the appetite of 120,000,000 of consumers might forcibly be adjusted to apples grown in American orchards. The national-origins provision of the Immigration Law has been upheld by an undemocratic, parliamentary maneuver to keep America for American racial stock. Dry proposals have been advanced to compel foreigners to conform to American manners and morals—if prohibition has anything to do with morality—and neighboring governments are by implication criticized for not ordering their affairs with an eye to American standards of social conduct. Even the representatives of foreign governments are reminded that in their own houses they are not observing American social ideals, and one of them, the British ambassador, has amiably decided to mold his appetite after the current American pattern.

All of these are brood of the same parentage. Congress, reflecting a popular mood, seems to be obsessed with the idea that not only is America big enough and strong enough to do as it pleases, but that other countries should for their own good do as it pleases. It is driven by the team of "exaggerated nationalism" and "exaggerated sectionalism," both of which are out of the same political stable. The agrarian West looks with resentment upon the towering rise of the industrial East, laying its own grievances at the door of the other's triumph. The dry South joins with the farm section to cut down the representation of the urban centres of the North and East which are not only wealthy but wet. The drys would choke their convictions down the throats of the wets by force of law and welcome man-killing with applause if it accomplishes this purpose. All sorts of measures are advanced by the 100-percenters to keep under surveillance and harass the alien, not because he is a menace to society but because he is a menace to the domination of the traditional American stock. Seldom has a Congress been deluged with more rancorous debate, or have the undercurrents of prejudice and ill feeling swirled so near the surface of legislative discussion.

Long before the present Congress came into existence the phrase "economic imperialism" had been coined to express the foreign conception of the overshadowing industrial and commercial activity of the United States built upon a foundation of vast natural resources, an equally vast consuming market and mass production. It reflected the misgiving with which foreigners contemplated the growing stream of American products—machinery, textiles, raw materials—flowing into or through their ports. During the first quarter of the present year the United States shipped abroad 1,052,000,000 pounds of raw cotton, 109,356 automobiles and 57,716 motor trucks, 168,337,000 yards of cotton cloth, 64,711,000 feet of motion picture film, 119,000 typewriters, 64,781 plows—the list might be continued to more impressive lengths. In 1928 the net increase of American long-term invest-

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ments abroad was $1,339,000,000. Is it any wonder that foreign peoples, struggling for economic foothold after the shock of war, begin to ask themselves whether their place in the sun is to be permanently darkened by this lengthening shadow of the industrial giant overseas?

It is no secret that this growing misgiving in many lands is disturbing to America's captains of industry who are beginning to be more concerned with the breaking down than with the building up of trade barriers, many of which are begotten of fear and distrust. The billions of dollars worth of commodities going to foreign markets are but a trickle from the swelling flood represented by a national income of $90,000,000,000, but of growing importance as this flood threatens to oversweep the channels of domestic consumption. Overabundance and scarcity offer the same threat of disaster. Speaking of Owen D. Young, Julius H. Barnes said:

> We prize that leadership because it shows an American appreciation of the necessity of those in the highest circles of industry giving their talents, their understanding, their acquaintance, their influence, to building a field of international good-will and understanding.

What is the reply of Congress to the anxious inquiry addressed to this Colossus of the West? It is given by Chairman Hawley, of the Ways and Means Committee of the House. He says:

> We have no desire or intention of interfering with or preventing a proper flow of international trade. The endeavor to obtain opportunities for the trade of its nationals is a commendable policy for any government to pursue. Under the existing tariff our foreign trade has greatly increased—approximately 100 percent. What we have in mind is that Americans should have the primary or preferential right in our markets which they have created by their industry, ingenuity and foresight. We made it and it belongs to us.

This economic doctrine may be sound or unsound. The right of any country to safeguard its own markets for its own people cannot be questioned. But what measure of reassurance and good-will does it convey to those who are beginning to wonder how their fortunes are to be affected by the growing economic supremacy of the United States in the international field?

This same philosophy of America for Americans finds exaggerated expression in the national-origins provision of the Immigration Law. Immigration restriction was not a new question when the war began, but up to that time it was purely an economic question. Labor began to feel the competition of the alien who was willing to work for lower wages. After the war it took on a social guise. The problem became one of safeguarding American standards of living against the attacks of aliens who would forego comfort and convenience to accumulate money. At length the proposed restriction took the form of protecting the racial stock of the United States, of keeping the native stream unpolluted by the infiltration of other nationalities.

Despite the denials of the advocates of the national-origins plan in Congress of racial animosities and prejudices, immigration restriction, designed originally to protect American labor, is designed to keep inviolate the American racial make-up as it now exists. The long list of American patriotic societies and associations, ranging from the Ku Klux Klan to the Daughters of the American Revolution, standing by the provision discloses the character of the motive for its support. The assertions of Senator Reed of Pennsylvania and the proponents of the plan that the opposition to it sprang from racial blocs of alien origin was no more justified than the assertion that the support of it came from those who favored other racial blocs. The claim of American origin is, after all, only a claim of precedence.

But the proposal to protect the American stock offered a retreat from the dilemma of apparently discriminating against the nationals of one country and in favor of the nationals of another, and immigration restriction has finally taken this form. Again America has been saved for Americans and the bars which the House proposes to raise against the products of foreign countries have been erected against the nationals of foreign countries who might desire to cast their lot with this greatest of democracies.

From keeping the undesired alien out it was but a short step to keeping under surveillance and getting rid of the alien already in if his conduct does not square with American standards. If Congress is in the same mood when it reconvenes as it was when it recessed, the unfortunate alien will probably have ample occasion to realize that this land of opportunity is only for native Americans who follow American ways.

If Congress does not act, the patriotic societies will lay siege to it. Sixty-three of them forming the American Coalition, have served this notice of their aims and purposes:

> To keep America American:
>
> To advocate restriction of immigration into the United States whereby racial and political solidarity may be accomplished with the least delay and to this end:
>
> 1. Promote undivided allegiance to the United States.
> 2. Resist the efforts of unassimilated or hyphenated groups to use the government of the United States for the furtherance of the policies of foreign governments, states, peoples or organizations.
> 3. Advocate the maintenance of a high standard of living.
> 4. Defend the country and institutions against all enemies, foreign and domestic.
> 5. Put principles above parties and in a spirit of entire nonpartizanship support those who support the principles for which we stand.

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This is not a manifesto of the Ku Klux Klan but the declaration of a federation which purports to represent and speak for three score organizations the membership of which might be easily induced to believe, if they are not already convinced, that they constitute the flower of American culture.

What is the occasion for this sudden outpouring of patriotism? Is America, which has grown great among nations—so great that other nations watch with some trepidation its advance—threatened with destruction? Are the so-called hyphenates and the handful of communists within its borders a menace to its institutions? If America is to be kept American, who is to define Americanism; the self-constituted guardians of this later day or the long line of statesmen who have originated and applied the policies that have made the country what it is? Were the signers of the Declaration of Independence un-American when they declared of King George:

> He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws of naturalization of foreigners; refusing to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands?

Evidently our first patriots saw no taint in the blood of foreign nationalities. It was the quantitative, not the qualitative, aspect of immigration they had in mind. Like water it was desirable up to a certain point and undesirable if it attained the proportions of an engulfing flood. Yet Congress has just closed a prolonged struggle, which has aroused slumbering animosities and stirred antagonisms deprecated by no less a person than George Washington, over a question of reducing immigration by 11,000. By a process of calculation that was inconclusive, to say the least, and far from convincing, Congress has attempted to define for all time the racial elements that compose the American stock. At last we have an "American people" not welded together by devotion to the lofty principles and institutions established by the fathers of the republic and common attachment to democratic political ideals, but patched together out of an ill-sorted array of national stocks. The ideal American type is approximately 43 percent English or Scotch, 17 percent German, 12 percent Irish, 4 percent Polish and 3.8 percent Italian, with traces of the blood of other nationalities.

Minding one's own business is a commendable virtue in nations as well as in persons but it is to be doubted whether it can be cultivated by kicking one's neighbors down one's stairs. The collapse of feudalism bathed Europe in blood. The exaggerated nationalism which succeeded it reached its apotheosis on the eve of another devastating conflict. Out of that crucible we were to emerge cleansed and purified, consecrated to the task of helping one another to make the world a better place to live in. Is this to be done by drawing about us the mantle of self-sufficiency and, secure in our wealth, complacent in our virtue, triumphant in our progress, serve notice upon the world that its business is not our business and our business will always be our own?

THE KEEP AT CLOUGHOUGHTER

By PADRAIC COLUM

I CAME to the lake that is outside Cavan town—one of the lakes through which the river Erne flows. A friend was there who was willing to pull an oar with me; when we were in the boat I pulled in the direction of an islet on which the old keep known as Cloughoughter Castle stands.

When he saw that I was bent for that direction, my friend said, "I want you to know that I am the most resolute anti-archaeologist in the whole province of Ulster. Not only have I no interest in that keep and whatever it stands for, but I am unwilling to listen to even one word about it."

"It was an O'Reilly stronghold . . . "

"I suppose you imagine that I'm bound to take an interest in anything connected with the O'Reillys."

"Seeing that you have that name. . . . Well, this was the last stronghold in Ireland that was taken by the Cromwellians."

"Isn't it wonderful that you can have a mind easy enough to be concerned about such things when there's a squall coming up and neither of us expert in the handling of a boat like this?"

"But don't you know that Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill died on this very islet and inside those very walls?"

"And don't you know that you are spoiling the day for me? I hate anything that has to do with Irish or English history."

"But Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill was the finest soldier that Ireland produced. He was trained in the wars of Spain and France; he came to Ireland with the highest hopes of winning his country's independence."

"He failed—that's enough for me."

"I see Hardy's Poems in your pocket. I expected that you would be interested in a tragedy of circumstance."

"I'd give the island and the keep and whatever interest they may have for anyone to have seen Thomas Hardy in the flesh. I know a boat song. I'll sing it as we pull."

"No, no. We cannot cross this lake without thought or talk of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill. In spite of dreadful disunion, in spite of the lack of policy on the part of the Council which he served, in spite of its opposition, he made an army, he won a brilliant victory.

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He was marching to unite his army with Ormond's. But at this time he knew that he was dying."

"Dying! Of what?"

"Tuberculosis or Bright's disease—I don't believe it is known which. You're not pulling very well."

"The fact that Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill had a disease as usual as tuberculosis or Bright's disease makes him a sympathetic character for me. It is the only thing I have heard about him that interests me. It takes him out of the stiff mythological folds that all Irish leaders seem to have been put into."

"Well, he took leave of his army in a place nearby. He handed the command over to his nephew, young Hugh O'Neill. The army marched past its leader and its maker, giving the victor of Benburb the last salute. . . ."

"How many in the army?"

"About eight thousand. And eight thousand well-trained men made a considerable army in those days."

"How did you get to know all this?"

"Your cousin told it all to me this morning."

"And so, having avoided hearing it from him, I have to hear it from you now. I suppose you'll tell me that O'Neill's grave is on the islet."

"No. Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill was buried in the chancel of the Franciscan church in Cavan. Of course that church was made over into a Protestant one. The bones of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill were flung aside to make room for one of a family of newcomers. We don't know where the bones of the best and most chivalrous of Irish soldiers were put."

"And if we did there would be more talk about the place, and I should have more reason than ever for being an anti-archaeologist."

"You're going to read me poems about frustrations."

"Yes. But frustration in our own history—I have heard too much of that."

The islet was just beside us now. Three walls stood up; on their tops, at each corner, a bird was standing like a sentinel. Their necks were up and their looks were on us. I thought they were herons. But they looked at us in a wilder way; there was something baleful and fateful about them as they watched with sloping heads and beaks. One, then another, then a third dashed down from the high place when they made sure we were bound for the islet. They disappeared in an instant. And others stood watching our coming. Cormorants! Very proper to the scene were these quick-eyed, baleful watchers! Much more so than the swans that drifted along by the islet.

And then we landed. The islet is just wide enough to hold the walls of the keep: the builders left no room for an enemy to land in force; the keep would have to be reduced before a landing was made. We sat upon bits of fallen walls and read poems about defeats and frustrations. The little space held a little wilderness—thorn bushes with bunches of red haws on them, elder bushes with clusters of dark berries, hollies and clumps of ivies. The ivy covered the broken walls, big-leaved, dark green, with bunches of buds coming out of its growth.

> If poesy have truth at all,
> If some great lion of the Gael
> Shall rule the lovely land of Fál;
> O yellow mast and roaring sail!
> Carry the leadership for me,
> Writ in this letter, o'er the sea
> To great O'Néill.

The hope that was in this seventeenth-century poem—James Stephens has translated it—died on this islet, and nothing afterward happened on it. We saluted the images of the cormorants that we had in our memories—the cormorants as they stood on the walls of the keep, superbly aloof from our interests and history, their beaks and necks lifted to the sky.

We pulled back in the rain. I realized that I was on one of the chief water systems in Ireland. The River Erne flowed through this lake. If we went on (but we should have to go in a motor boat) we should come to Enniskillen, and from Enniskillen I might turn toward East Ulster. Or I could go along the winding course of the river to where it enters the sea at Ballyshannon in Donegal. Two rivers have their rise in Cavan—the Erne and the great Shannon. The Erne flows north and west. The Shannon flows south. The romance of the rivers came to me, and I thought that I might cross the country to where the Shannon rose, and follow the river to the south after or before I had followed the Erne's course.

And thinking on these journeys I went on the lake-shore with my friend. We landed beside two cottages that were the nicest I have ever seen in any part of Ireland. Whoever had built them had taken into account the wood and the lake water and the remoteness of neighborhood, and had put here cottages that had some relation to the scene. The one that we go into is built of concrete into which big pebbles, round and oval, are set. In front are wooden columns, whitewashed. Even thatch, now weather-browned, covers the roof, and before the columns red hollyhocks are growing. The other cottage is made in the same style and with the same material, but it has tiles on its roof. Someone who had an idea of giving character and charm to the cottages that he had a chance of building, built these two. It is a pity that his idea did not spread.

Voyager

> Fill your eyes with the flung fields,
> Rippled and foamed with clover,
> Breathe the spray the white mist yields,
> And tree spars bending over
>
> Straining to reach that farthest sea,
> The cloud-foamed sky. . . . Look long,
> Fill, fill your heart: from your final quay
> Will rise a lovely song.

POWER DALTON.

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A BRIEF FOR ANDREW JOHNSON

By GEORGE FORT MILTON

IT IS with some trepidation that I essay the task of reviewing Mr. Lloyd Paul Stryker's Andrew Johnson (New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00) in view of a biographic enterprise of my own about this same Andrew Johnson. For it might seem a rather cruel fate for any biographer to have the critical appraisement of the fruit of his years of labor entrusted to the hands of a colleague or a rival in the same pasturage. For the reviewer, intimately acquainted with the minutiae of the task, might be too much impressed with minor variations in detail treatment, and thus fail to accord the volume its just deserts.

Indeed, Andrew Johnson must have been a remarkable and a many-sided man, thus to enlist the biographic devotion of such diverse writers as Robert W. Winston, the distinguished North Carolina jurist; Dr. St. George L. Sioussat, the eminent University of Pennsylvania historian; Claude G. Bowers, whose graphic pen has already illumined the dark corners of earlier days of the republic; Dr. Edward McMahon, of the University of Washington, and now Mr. Stryker, devout Republican and member of New York's exclusive Union League Club.

A historical character who, in this decade of revision of biographic estimates, can attract the interest of men of such different backgrounds and view-points must indeed have been possessed of great qualities of character, and must have been a worthy actor in the tragic scene of his Presidency. No one who examines the record with care can fail to be impressed with his sturdy courage and essential rightness. Mr. Stryker has appropriately subtitled his volume, A Study in Courage. Parenthetically, it may be remarked that some courage is required to read it, for it is of a frightening size. Originally intended as a two-volume production, the publishers compressed it into a single volume of eighty-nine chapters and 881 pages, a great mass of about 350,000 words.

Mr. Stryker's book would reveal that the author is a lawyer, were we otherwise unacquainted with the fact. For it is virtually a lawyer's brief for Andrew Johnson. The tailor-statesman had made himself the idol of Lawyer Stryker's heart and, as an advocate, Mr. Stryker wrote the huge brief in this appeal of Andrew Johnson's case to the highest court of last resort, the court of public opinion, an appeal to be heard after contemporary bitternesses had been lost in the limbo of the feuds of yesteryears. The volume is thus a lawyer's brief and not the considered decision of a judge. It is a powerful appeal, but Mr. Stryker has overdone it a little.

It has seemed to this reviewer a true test of biographic composition that the facts set forth shall inerrantly indicate their own conclusions, and the reader himself shall form them, without their needing to be said by the author in strident words. Viewed by this test Mr. Stryker has not written a good biography. It cannot be doubted, however, that he has written a persuasive brief.

May I mention a few points about which I am inclined to disagree with Mr. Stryker? Andrew Johnson was a human being. He had faults, and grave ones. These faults we do not see in the pages of this book. Mr. Stryker probably became so impressed by Johnson's points of merit—and there were far more of merit than of demerit—that he ignored the faults.

Johnson was a plebeian. Throughout his life he seems to have suffered from an inferiority complex, which made him belligerently proud of his humble birth and of the fearful struggles of his younger years. This overweening pride had a powerful influence upon his earlier political career. One of his constant speaking themes was a denunciation of aristocrats. Jefferson Davis accused Johnson of having the most malignant type of pride—"the pride of having no pride at all." Johnson's Tennessee campaigns and his reactions in the Senate against the slave-state leaders, must have arisen in part, at least, from this feeling.

As to another point of Johnson's character. He was a prince of procrastinators. Much of the grief of his White House incumbency would seem to have been quite unnecessary. By having failed to act promptly and with decision, he was responsible for it himself. Of this one gets a very insufficient hint in Mr. Stryker's book.

When Johnson first assumed the Presidency, he was beset by the leading radicals—Charles Sumner, that matchless Massachusetts theorist who had soared aloft in a cloud of idle speculation, and had lost all contact with the earth, in the van. Equally dissatisfied with Lincoln's plan of peace was Ben Wade of Ohio, Henry Winter Davis of Maryland, and others of this rabid radical crew. They made a dead-set on Andrew Johnson the first month he was President. Johnson listened to their pleas and exhortations, and responded very little. In the high fever of their exultation at Lincoln's passing, Sumner and his cohorts interpreted Johnson's silence to mean that he agreed with their views. They thus reported to a radical caucus. The truth is Johnson never had agreed. The crux of the argument was whether the federal government would force the southern states to permit the freed Negroes to vote. As a staunch state-rights Democrat, Johnson never wavered from his fundamental position that the state was the sole authority entitled to determine the qualification of its voters. He was not opposed to the

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voting of intelligent Negroes. He was opposed to interference with the rights of the states. Had Johnson only made this plain to Sumner, Chase and Wade they would not have entertained their delusion, and maybe much toil and turmoil could have been averted or overcome.

The case of Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War, soon after Johnson's accession, affords another instance of the evil effects of procrastination. Stanton converted himself into little more than a radical spy, an agent of obstruction in Johnson's Cabinet. As early as the fall of 1865, the President had ample information of this. Stanton became quite shameless in his obstructive tactics. While in the Cabinet, he drafted bills designed to emasculate the powers of the very President in whose Cabinet he served. It was Johnson's tardy dismissal of this unfaithful constitutional adviser which brought on the famous impeachment test. Had Johnson acted in 1865 or 1866 and dismissed the Secretary at that time, impeachment might never have come.

The Tennessean added to the grave vice of superprocrastination, the further fault of lack of restraint in his impromptu speeches. His written letters, messages and talk bear the stamp of statesmanship, but in his off-hand talks to crowds he seems to have thought the type of give and take which had served so well on the stump in Tennessee befitting the dignity of the President. In doing so, he overrode the repeated advice of his shrewd counselors—such men as old Francis Preston Blair, the veteran of Andrew Jackson's political warfare, Reverdy Johnson, Doolittle, of Wisconsin, Dixon, of Connecticut, and Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, the noblest Roman of them all. Johnson played right into the unscrupulous radical's hands. On the swing around the circle, he was lied about and vilified by the press of the country. His own campaign methods laid him open to attack. One finds insufficient acknowledgment of this Johnson error in the Stryker book.

There are one or two details in which Mr. Stryker seems to have accepted without sufficient investigation fables about Johnson's early career. For instance, he has young Andrew Johnson apprenticed to Tailor Selby in Raleigh, at the age of ten. In this he followed Savage and one or two other contemporary biographers. Had he only taken the trouble to read Judge Winston's book, he could have seen the court order for the indenture, showing the age was not ten but fourteen.

There is the entirely insufficient account of the national union convention at Baltimore in 1864, at which Johnson was nominated on the Lincoln ticket. Perhaps Mr. Stryker is not so much to blame for this, for it is a very involved and little-known chapter in American political history. But the task of writing so imposing a volume should have led its author to make the necessary research.

One further matter: Mr. Stryker seems to have depended upon the recollections of Colonel E. C. Reeves, of Johnson City, to too great an extent. Colonel Reeves, who was a sort of acting secretary to Johnson during some of his Tennessee political battles following the Presidency, has a remarkable memory. But when Mr. Stryker quotes the Colonel as of great value in limning the background of an authority on Johnson's conversations with Jeremiah Sullivan Black during the Alta Vela episode, one doubts if the authority is sufficient. The Reeves account is based on his recollections in 1928 of what Johnson told him in 1874. It is an old man's reminiscence, bound to have become inaccurate through the lapse of fifty years. Mr. Stryker could have found many very significant documents in the Johnson manuscripts in the Library of Congress, which would have illuminated this Alta Vela affair quite as thoroughly and much more accurately than the Reeves recollections could have done. In this same connection the diary of Colonel Moore, Johnson's secretary, could have been profitably employed to reveal the President's contemporary attitude of mind.

But it is unnecessary to indicate further instances of what seem to us Mr. Stryker's lapses in his appraisal of evidence and in his scrutiny of conflicting facts. His work indicates great loyalty to Andrew Johnson. It likewise shows the fruit of a very extended reading. Mr. Stryker has examined and made use of hundreds of books written by and about the characters of the period. Unfortunately, he has used them too freely. One gets the flavor of a scrap-book, of the throwing together of a mass of quotations opposite and the reverse. I may add that one likewise discovers with delight many fine sentences, many gleaming bits of portraiture and literary art. It is a pity that these evidences of good writing are imbedded in a mass of verbose quotation.

Vespers

It is dusk, Madonna, it is blue dusk;
I hold in my hands its quietness; I fold my hands
Over its peace. My lifted hands are a soft song
Of its beauty, Madonna, of its silent beauty.
The birds have ceased their twittering; the moon is a husk
Of white on the rim of sky. It is my duty
Now to pray, Madonna; the vesper bell demands
I kneel and pray, Madonna. You know I cannot pray,
There is no whisper of prayer in my heart—I but belong
To this blue seal of dusk set upon the day.

How could I bend my head now; how would I dare
To close my eyes to aught of this? The whole world
Is a great blue bell; the whole world is a vesper chime;
Why should I utter words? Even the wind has furled
Its banners and is still; leaves are soundless; time
Is hung in a blue void. I cannot make a prayer,
Madonna. Who am I to shatter this with prayer?
I can only love your son for shaping this blue
Out of the robe you wore when he was young with you.

DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN.

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YOUTH IN GERMANY

By BOYD-CARPENTER

IN OCTOBER, 1913, the camp-fires of the Frei-deutsche Jugend burned gaily and brightly upon the Hohen-Meissner. Those who gathered thereat were full of enthusiasm because of their faith in themselves, in their movement, in their aims. Were they not seeking a newer and finer type of manhood? Were they not looking toward the creation of a new Teutonic race? After all it was a fine feeling, even if personal—that they at least were a race of heroes, whose aim and ambition was the reconquest of the world for youth. Hence the flinging out of their now famous declaration was, in their view, an epoch-making event. Throughout Germany and German-speaking Austria, its youth repeated gladly and enthusiastically the sentence which, freely translated, says—"We are determined to fashion our lives in obedience to our own conscience, accepting the burden of our own responsibility."

Two hundred and ninety days later war flooded Europe from the Balkans to the North Sea, and the German and Austro-German youth gathered around camp-fires of a different kind. But the call to arms found them ready. They were good soldiers, excellent at bivouacking, ideal non-commissioned officers, because all could march, cook, sew; they made an effort in cold weather and would battle with hunger, while their folk-songs kept many a camp happier for their presence.

Even in defeat, Hindenburg led back troops to Berlin who could still say that, though in 1919 the spirit of the Jugendbewegung was apparently dead, it seemed so only because all the opposition of the older generation had vanished. All over Germany the old and young starved; the simplicity so ardently demanded in pre-war days by the young, whether of the working-class families or of the merchant families, was now forced on all. The youth, who formerly had been Pfadfinder (Boy Scouts) or who would under less trying conditions have become Scouts, now joined in the Bund, a sort of Fascist organization to which there came also the old Wandervögel making free coöperative bodies, grouping themselves around a forceful leader or an energetic company of men, many of whom had been soldiers in the world war.

These seized as watchwords the phrase "Herrschaft und Dienst," meaning "Authority and Service." Such groups sprang up everywhere, and within a short time the need of some form of federation was apparent. This was realized in 1923 by an amalgamation called the Deutsche Freischar (Bund der Wandervögel und Pfadfinder).

Under this and by means of this, most of the younger generation of Germany was, in some form, more or less fully organized. There were the political societies of the ex-soldiers such as Mahraun's Jung deutsche-Orden, then the Stahlhelm, and the Wehr-Wolf in the German National Camp, while the proletarians had created the Arbeiter Jugend and the Kommunistische Jugend; between these two extremes of political views there were certain of the organized church clubs for boys and girls. Akin to these were the bodies of organized youth who clung more closely to the traditions of the original Wandervögel, which now had six main associations organized under the banner of the Freie Bunde der Jugendbewegung.

Though naturally these organizations differ in form, as in their political and economic views, they are strongly united in all matters which deal with the state and the powers either controlling or seeking to control the Reich.

The Mahraun are opposed to the idea of caste rule and financial control of government. The proletarians, as in most other countries, reiterate ceaselessly their opposition to the capitalist system of control of national life and government.

The Freie Bunde, like the old Wandervögel, seek to experience the wonder and the mystery of life on earth in all its pristine freshness; they strive for high standards of honesty and the fullest originality of feeling. In their early days the Wandervögel claimed that they sensed the rhythmic basis of life when they took their roaming expeditions along the valleys or up the mountains; asserting that trees, rivers, rocks, storms and clouds were more to them than the written word of prose and poetry. The post-war followers of the Wandervögel explain their view by saying, "Let us penetrate the state and society, if necessary compromising in order to transmute things from within."

Today the Bunde and its members do not sit dreaming on mountain crags or peaks, nor drinking in romantic sentiments from valley scenes, but by self-education and coöperation they are confident that they are framing and directing the opinion of those who occupy positions of authority.

It would seem that further to understand modern Germany and the tendencies observable in its post-war youth, it is essential to appreciate two particular phenomena.

The first is the manifesting of a desire to make politics and political thought the predominating factor of material life. The second is the observable decline in the pursuit, by this post-war present generation, of literature as a life work; especially in the production of novels, of plays for the theatre, of the cult of literary criticisms and the writing of lyric poetry. Where youth are seeking to produce art or literature, as they see it today, it is in association with some new social activity which has not as yet received public or popular attention within their fatherland, and which finds but little support either in the rest of Europe or in America. This may best be seen in the opposition to the mid-Victorian and early twentieth-century idealism, and the attempted substitution of what appears to be a fatalism of religion, such as is found in the following quotation from George Faber:

"What know ye of the earth's wisdom? It has been rent from you by priests and magicians, and because this connection has been severed, have ye died for the kingdom of this world? But the kingdom of the Lord is not of this world. Yet it is not higher than the holy kingdom of the earth, but elsewhere. Your faith in God shall not break your service to the gods. For whereas through God you obtain entrance to the kingdom which is not of this world, ye need the gods that this kingdom of the earth shall not perish away. I summon you back to the gods and to found a new order of heroes. Ye are, however, citizens of both worlds, being heroes and saints."

This quotation indicates the blending qualities of young Germany's faith, a queer mixture of paganism and Christianity. But it seems to be an attempt to reject all credence in the world as pictured and presented by modern science, and especially those forms and aspects of science prevalent in America.

This expression of religious sentiment cannot be classed as a creed, but more as a mode of action. It is impossible to give allegiance to the gods and the Christian God, because it is impossible to be at one and the same time the ally of darkness and of light. Possibly experience and knowledge gained from exercising the functions of government within the municipal sphere of Germany, and without, in the larger area of international relations, will direct attention to the fact that the world is tired of speculations and demands peace and coöperation in all forms of life.

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MARY: A POLISH LEGEND

By MARYAN GAWALEWICZ and PIOTR STACHIEWICZ

MYRIADS of strewn stars glimmer like pearls over the firmament, reflecting the eternal lights.

The most holy Virgin had hung the bright sun and the moon on the celestial ceiling to the greater glory of her only Son; on these falls the light from her eyes from heaven through the open gate of the seventh choir, which the saints open wider than the others.

If God-Father should order this gate to be closed, the sun would go out like a blown-out candle and darkness would fall on the earth, like the one that covers the abyss beyond the border of hell, where unchristened souls do everlasting penance.

With the grace of the Blessed Virgin, with the light of heaven and herself, shines the sacred sun, the eye of a clear day, existing like God's other creations, gliding over the zenith above the earth and the sea, looking into every nook, bringing with itself the reflection of the Mother of God to bless the whole earth and to gladden all men's hearts.

The sun falls into the sea and floats on the water, drowning not even in the deepest place; it burns continually, like Moses's bush through which the Lord God spoke, and never, never can it be extinguished.

The sun sheds light and warmth over the earth and makes every seed come out of the soil, be it sown either by wind or human palm; it paints the earth with colors such as no painter ever dreamed.

Were it not for the sun, the earth would have a dirty, rusty color, like chilled and clotted blood, spilt over the sacred soil by Cain.

There had been a time when the earth was pure, white as chalk, transparent as crystal, so that when Cain with his bloody hands buried Abel in the ground, the dead body was seen from its glassy grave. Cain cursed the white earth that it did not conceal his fratricide, and the earth blackened from his curses.

Thus blackened it would have remained until our time if God had not taken pity, bidding the sun to paint the meadows, fields and mountains with bright colors.

Through the mediation of the Holy Mother, the saints oft-times go to the sun with processions, as to a holy wondrous place, to say their Mass. On their way back they usually visit the moon, where Saint George, who is a knight of knights, has dwelt for many centuries past by the grace of the Virgin Mary.

Once upon a time there lived on the earth a wicked sorcerer, an obstinate enemy of the sacred faith and for a long time did not make peace with God. He had a young and only daughter, a pious, modest girl, who prayed in secret to the Mother of God, committing her soul in repentance to the Holy Virgin.

When her father learned of it, he intended in anger to slay his own child; he brought a monstrous dragon and gave his daughter to be devoured.

The Lord God interfered in this evil design, charging Saint George to kill the voracious beast. He, the knight of knights, did it on the spot, boring a hole in its great neck with his spear.

The girl was thus saved from certain death, and the Virgin Mary, having seen the knight's bold deed, called him to her and said:

"Because you have thus nobly saved the maiden's life, you shall have a starry chariot in the sky and my moon I will give you for your home."

Since then in his silver armor the Virgin Mary's knight lives on the moon; with his feet bent, reposing comfortably, he gazes into the sky and, playing his lute, sings praises and thanks to God.

When the full moon is clear, one may see him there on a bright, calm night; and when people fall into their deep slumber, angels listen to the sainted lute-player.

The sky is strewn with stars as with diamond gravel, shimmering like a bishop's chasuble embroidered with pearls. As the light of the sun is reflected in dew in the morning, thus at night the glow of heaven is reflected in the stars.

Each human being has his own star, which shines as much as does his life; when the spark of light goes out on the earth, at the same time the star above goes out and falls down into an abyss, leaving in its place a burnt-out spot.

When the star drops down from the heavenly ceiling, human lips whisper: "Praised be the Holy Mary!" to ease the way for the dead soul, going up to heaven.

Every saint also has a star, but such is lighted forever and such burns with a brighter light, just as the stars of those people who pray devoutly and praise God continually will never be hurled down.

For the Holy Mother, for the Queen of Heaven, the brightest stars are wound into her crown; among them the silvery, glistening, morning star and the evening star, flickering brighter than gold, and the northern star, always in one place, illumine with their steady radiance the crown of the Mother of God.

When at night sparkles the milky way, winding through paradise up to the Lord's throne, a soul, worthy of this grace, may see Mary, going from the convent of Jasna Gora to Kalwarja. Alone and lost in sacred revery, walks the Queen of Heaven with her Baby in her arms and with her hand blesses the earth enwrapped in sleep.

The Mother of God with her Baby crosses over the milky way, turning her pensive eyes to the earth, followed by myriads of stars, and not a sound dares break her revery.

Such peace, such calmness, such brightness is spread throughout the sky that it seems as if the angels hold their breath and the world below, turn mute in ecstasy.

Earth Rhythms

These be temporal—
Snow and rain,
Thunder-drum and
Hurricane,

Leaf and grass blade,
Berry, briar,
April fog and
Autumn fire,

Weed-choked road and
Moldering tree—
These be the brief-heard
Melody.

And these the permanent
Undertone—
Arrogant soil,
Defiant stone.

FRANCES M. FROST.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE FIRST DECLARATION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of The Commonweal of July 10, Mr. Thomas J. Malone, in an article entitled The First Declaration, presents what he is pleased to call a "declaration of independence," adopted by the inhabitants of Harford County, Maryland, March 22, 1775, "the first to be made by a representative group in America, antedating that of the Continental Congress by more than fifteen months and by at least four weeks that attributed to the people of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina." When, however, we read what the citizens of Harford County so boldly and solemnly declare, we search in vain for the faintest suggestion of independence. What, in fact, the meeting of Harford citizens was doing was simply what scores of other communities through the length and breadth of the thirteen colonies were doing, namely, approving certain resolves of the Continental Congress and particularly the "Association." Many, many bodies of citizens had, before ever the Continental Congress assembled, advocated such an association, these same inhabitants of Harford County among them (see the resolutions of June 11, 1774, in Force, American Archives, fourth series, chapter I, page 402).

As for priority, the inhabitants of Harford County were by no means the first to adopt such resolutions; a good many other communities had preceded them. Exactly which of them was first in expressing approval of the Association I have not taken the trouble to ferret out; but resolutions of approval and pledges of support began to be registered not many days after the Association was promulgated.

As for the noble language, "we . . . solemnly pledge ourselves . . . at the risque of our lives and fortunes," language which Mr. Malone seems to think that Jefferson probably picked up on his way through Harford County and later embodied (with some modification) in the Declaration of Independence, it is quite probable that the Harford resolutions did in due time fall under the eye of Jefferson, as did other such resolutions and pledges, and it is certain that the combined influence of these and many other expressions in the language of the Declaration was very great. For this we have the testimony of Jefferson himself, and of John Adams as well. Jefferson never, I believe, maintained that the tables of the Declaration were handed down to him by Jupiter Tonans or Minerva. If he had inclined to ascribe his inspiration to any one of that crowd it would probably have been to Clio, who had supplied him with literally thousands of expressions of the sentiments and purposes of the people of the colonies.

In any case he did not have need to go to Harford County for a suggestion of the words "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Expressions of this sort were quite the common thing in pledges, the Association itself containing language that is similar: "the sacred ties of virtue, honor and love of our country." One analagous expression, to mention no others, Jefferson must have seen before he could have heard of the Harford resolutions, possibly even before the Harford citizens had assembled; for there was presented to the Virginia convention which met in Richmond, March 20, 1775, a convention of which Jefferson was a member, an address from one of the counties setting forth the "grand principles" and "inestimable privileges" which "we will maintain at the risk of our lives and fortunes."

It is not the purpose in these remarks to belittle the importance of the Harford County declaration, or to derogate from the honor due those citizens for their noble resolves. The objection runs solely against investing these resolutions with the character of a declaration of independence which they are not, and against claiming for them a priority of thought which they do not possess.

EDMUND C. BURNETT.

AGGRESSIVE DEFENSE

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editor:—Please, Je vous en prie, I beg of you to allow me to correct a misstatement which appeared in your issue of June 12. A correspondent signing himself W. A. Bixel, writing Against Aggressive Defense, says among other things: "The Mexicans are all Catholics, but here there are not enough of them to go to Church to make a good congregation."

Is it possible that a resident of Los Angeles should be ignorant of the existence of the old Mission Church of Nuestra Señora de los Angeles (familiarly called la Placita) which gave its name to our city? Here we can see a good-sized congregation crowding the church at several Sunday Masses.

But if this historic church is unknown to him, we could scarcely expect him ever to have heard of the Church of Our Lady of Guadeloupe, of Santa Martha, Santa Teresita, Our Lady Help of Christians, etc. And there is Our Lady de la Soledad, a Church holding 800 people filled three times on Sundays. I saw it filled even on week-days. How about Santo Turibio, a church established only two years ago and already too small? In addition to these churches there are relief chapels, e. g., La Purissima, La Immaculada, etc., all of them for the benefit of Mexicans and they make good use of them too.

Does Mr. Bixel know that on the feast of Corpus Christi, a procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament wended its way from Guadeloupe Church to Our Lady of Soledad, and that over twenty thousand took part in it?

If the correspondent read our excellent diocesan paper the Tidings, he would have learned that the Mexican priests and laity presented a chalice of exquisite Mexican workmanship to our beloved bishop, as a token of appreciation for the great interest he has displayed by erecting churches, temporary chapels and convents for the Mexicans. The people correspond nobly to the efforts of the bishop by filling the places of worship provided as fast as they are erected.

I must assume that Mr. Bixel lives and moves on the west side of our fair city, and is totally ignorant of conditions prevailing on the east side and the northern part. These lines were penned simply and solely that the facts may be known, and prevent Mr. Bixel from joining the ranks of those belittling everything Mexican.

If Mr. Bixel really wants to know more about the spiritual side of the Mexican problem in Los Angeles, let him call on me with a car no matter how humble and of whatever vintage, and I will spare a few hours from my work and show him the Mexican parishes, all of them if he wishes. Incidentally he might learn something about my own work too. Quite interesting! I minister to the colored.

REV. EDMUND J. SCHLECHT, L.A.M.

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Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editor:—In your number of June 12, there is a letter from Los Angeles, signed by W. A. Bixel, and it seems to me that the gentleman thinks everyone in the American Catholic Church is a fool, except himself; but beginning his letter, as he does, with a translation of his school-boy French, shows that he at least lacks one of the requisites of greatness, which is a sense of humor.

I am a Republican, and voted for Hoover, but I don't think Mr. Bixel should refer to a body of men like the Knights of Columbus, as insane. Rather, should he compliment them on their remarkable restraint toward the contemptible attitude of our government toward the Mexican situation. Mr. Bixel condemns any one who thinks as a militarist, but does a pacifist think any more clearly?

Evidently, Mr. Bixel dislikes the Mexicans, from a superficial acquaintance with the driftwood which has gone to Los Angeles. I live in a city, which makes Los Angeles look distinctly rural, when it comes to the matter of nationalities and the melting pot. We have a large population of Mexicans, who are as good Catholics as the average, and are certainly not among our criminal class. However, are the Mexicans any more indifferent to their religion than, for instance, Italians and Spaniards, who come to this country, with their wonderful background of centuries in the very heart of Catholicity? Or, for the matter of that, than the Irish. The latter are wonderful Catholics, as long as they remain among the humbler classes, but all over this country, we can find people from good Irish homes, bearing Irish names who, having become wealthy and been imbued with social ambitions, are completely carried away with the things of this world; who send their children to fashionable Protestant schools, marry Protestants for social reasons and are soon among the also-rans, as far as their religion is concerned.

As for Mr. Bixel's last query about the intellectuality of the American priest: what could be more absurd? To pass over entirely the wonderful work they are doing in the teaching field, did Christ send His Apostles to write theses to the Greeks, or to preach His simple doctrine to the whole world? It seems to me that the life of the average American parish priest is an attempt to combine the mysticism of Saint Thomas, the financial genius of Pierpont Morgan, and the all-embracing work of a clergyman.

MARIE LESLIE SEYMOUR.

WISDOM FOR EDUCATORS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In an editorial appearing in The Commonweal of July 17, you remark that Dean Fitzpatrick mentioned among the problems of the schools that should find a speedy solution, " 'the formulation of a Catholic educational and social literature permeated with the Catholic viewpoint.' "

Permit me to add that the Dean does not merely talk, but is at present actively engaged in formulating that kind of literature. He is editing The Marquette Monographs on Education, three of which have already appeared, and several others are either in the press or in preparation (Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company.) I am sure that those who are interested in Catholic educational and social literature will not be disappointed if they undertake the perusal of any of the volumes of this series.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O. M. Cap.

BOOKS

Parliaments and Fascism

The Writing on the Wall, by Richard Washburn Child. New York: J. H. Sears and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD early made his mark in American journalism and politics. Moreover he has continued to grow. Thus he was the friend of Roosevelt with whom he bull-moosed in 1912, but he has now progressed beyond that ill-advised and ill-fated Progressive movement: on pages 145 to 147 the reader will find Roosevelt's 1912 platform recanted to the full satisfaction of the reviewer. As ambassador to Italy he had the unique experience of the Fascist march on Rome. It would be hard to imagine a position more delicate or more difficult than that of an ambassador in time of revolution. He must help to shape the course of his home government and in so doing he cannot rid himself of his influence over the country to which he is sent. Students of diplomacy have long admired the finesse of Vergennes as French ambassador to Sweden during the revolution of 1772 which transferred power in that country from a corrupt Parliament to the king, and thereby strengthened Sweden—France's ally. The future foreign minister of Louis XVI and second father of American independence would have understood Child's difficulties and applauded his success.

The American ambassador became the friend of Mussolini, and even in some sort the latter's adviser. Between them they are said to have devised a formula. When asked his advice Child would reply: "As ambassador I can't say what I think you Fascisti should do, but if you ask me what in similar circumstances Roosevelt would have done I can answer that!" The picture of T. R.'s ghost led out against the Italian subversives as the dead Cid was led out against the Saracens must have made the old Rough Rider grin from his grave.

The theme of the book is the decay of parliamentary government in Europe, the appearance in America of symptoms like those which preceded that decay, and the new European machinery of government designed to fill the gap. The author might have taken for his motto Pope's solid and finished couplet:

> "For forms of government let fools contest
> That which is best administered is best."

The treatment is not uniformly admirable. From epigrams that sting and crackle with truth the reader is now and then let down by an ill-punctuated or ill-formed sentence. Nor does the author always seem clear as to the meaning of the term "democracy"; his language might be taken to mean that any government enjoying the consent of the governed was therefore democratic. Instead of wondering why such words as democracy are in themselves attractive he might have quoted from Louis XIV's memoirs: "Man being naturally ambitious and proud finds within himself no reason why another should command him until his own need shows him the necessity." He might have done well to remind us that much of the democratic theory is akin to Christian morals and therefore congruous to the minds of men of European stock. Nevertheless the book is a fine one because it states with great vigor and flawless lucidity a whole bundle of important and sometimes neglected truths.

Its argument may be summarized thus: the chief faults of parliamentary government are: first, too much legislation, second, too much fool legislation, and third, too much interference

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with administration. A two-party system tends to produce two teams existing merely to train men for office and to contest elections against the other team, whether or not any first-rate political issue divides the two. A multi-party system has far worse vices, for as parties multiply confusion appears, no stable majority can be formed and nothing can be done except by uneasy coalitions wide open to intrigue and political blackmail. All this mattered little in the fat pre-war days; post-war strains have cracked the false front of fine phrases and revealed the flimsy structure underneath. The author finds parliamentary weakness and folly responsible for much of the Communist desire to pull down the social order.

Tinkering with the old machinery has accomplished little; the referendum and the direct primary have merely replaced the old admitted and therefore responsible political boss with irresponsible and often anonymous masters of millions. In Europe the result of weakness and irresponsibility has been dictatorship. Our author has no illusions about dictators and sings no hymns in their praise. He does find most of them patriotic, conscientious, hard-working men, ruling with the enthusiastic consent of their communities. Finally he notes that in the two important cases of Italy and Spain the dictators are working to build up new types of legislative or consultative assemblies.

The essence of these new assemblies is representation not according to territorial divisions but according to function; their aim is not to count heads—including blockheads—but to express the constructive and productive forces of the country. Thus they somewhat resemble the government of a modern corporation and still more the original mediaeval idea of a parliament. In the Catholic middle-ages, as in any simple society, agriculture was the chief industry. Accordingly two-thirds of a mediaeval parliament was composed of nobles and clergy who were jointly the chief landholders. Together they constituted a sort of committee of the agricultural interest. The remaining third, the burgesses or deputies from the towns, represented commerce and manufactures. Furthermore the new European parliaments resembled their mediaeval prototypes not only in composition but also in function. They are not sovereign assemblies but consultative bodies existing to advise the executive. Whether that executive be a dictator as in Poland, a hereditary monarch as in Spain, or a president so powerful that he is almost a temporary king, as with us since Jackson's time, the principle is the same.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

In Nicaragua

Dollars for Bullets, by Harold Norman Denny. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

SO LOGICALLY does Harold Norman Denny trace the history of Nicaragua and her relationship with America through the stages of diplomacy which ran from the idea that the United States was manifestly destined to combine North and South America into a hemispheric republic to the present "mutual good-will" program, that there is little reason to doubt his authority. With the common denominator of Nicaragua as a most vital point in American defensive strategy, "what is going on in Nicaragua" proceeds not from a series of isolated experiments in statecraft, but from a very definite policy, adopted through choice or expediency by every Washington administration since Roosevelt. This does not mean, explains Mr. Denny, that Washington has not blundered. It has, repeatedly. With an effective simile he describes America as a man who has grabbed a bear by the tail. America has held to her course because she has not dared do anything else. And if present conditions, which promise the best for Nicaragua, are lasting, Washington will at last have triumphed. Yet it must still continue to hold the tail.

Until the completion of the Panama Canal the United States was theoretically obliged to maintain two separate and independent navies, adequate in defensive strength against any which could be brought to bear by an invading enemy. The opening of the canal, according to Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of War, made it "of vital importance to this country not only that the canal shall be open to our fleet in case of war, but that it shall be closed to the fleet of our enemy." From the strategic standpoint the whole purpose of a canal open to the American navy and closed to the enemy's vessels would be defeated if there was another parallel route. In Nicaragua the San Juan River and the Great Lake of Nicaragua are natural links in a Caribbean-Pacific waterway which would considerably shorten the distance between the two coasts of the United States. Like a woman's beauty, Nicaragua's great natural blessing has not been unmixed with evil consequences; because of it she has been desired by many nations. It was politically obvious that the United States should finally acquire all rights to a possible canal and should build her entire Central-American diplomacy around the necessity of protecting those rights. It was financially catastrophic to Nicaragua that plans for building the canal, on which her whole future prosperity had been based, should be held in abeyance. This is the historic background which Mr. Denny outlines; on it he lays the entire motive for American intervention in Nicaragua—the theme of his absorbing and observant Dollars for Bullets.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Measured Statements

The New Day; the campaign speeches of President Hoover. Stanford University Press. $3.00.

CAMPAIGN speeches are usually consigned to a waiting grave. They are sometimes preserved in book form to satisfy partizanship but not to add to the general stock of knowledge. Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom was one brilliant exception. That book will be read again with interest when we emerge from the deeps of reaction. It was a fearless summary of the problems of the day by one who knew them and was unafraid to speak.

Now come the speeches of Herbert Hoover from the press of a great university under the stirring title The New Day. There are seven speeches, all that were delivered from June to November by the presidential candidate. Fairly brief, they fill but 215 pages of large print and heavily leaded type. They are introduced by President Ray Lyman Wilbur as follows: "The presidential campaign of 1928 was as significant as that of 1860. Not since the Lincoln-Douglas debates has the country followed the issues of a campaign with more intensity. The speeches of Mr. Hoover were measured statements of a new liberalism facing new conditions with courage and with confidence in the individual human being to act wisely for himself and for his neighbors." Imagine comparing the campaign of 1928 with 1860! After it was over the Honorable Secretary of the Interior should have had a sense of humor. After it was over, too, a calm reading of the speeches would scarcely disclose, even to an extremely exuberant friend that "the speeches of Mr. Hoover were measured statements of a new liberalism."

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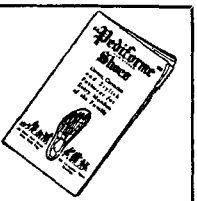

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In the opening pages Mr. Hoover set the goal of the campaign. "It shall be a true campaign. We shall use words to convey our meaning, not to hide it." Well I am fairly conversant with political literature and had at the opening of the campaign no animosity toward the candidate. I heard those words over the radio with rejoicing as did millions of Americans. They were worth cheering. They thrill me as I read them now in the book. They should have been left out. I heard over the radio what followed in the seven speeches; I read the speeches at the time and again as they appear in bulk in the book. But alas for my power of understanding! Really I do not know what the issues were nor can I reconstruct them out of the printed pages. Those parts that can be understood were certainly not issues, as for example the "American home." The issues as most of us conceived them were not discussed. Careful avoidance of concrete proposals; platitudes which had no relationship to the campaign; glittering alliterations without sense; obscurity as soon as a great issue was approached, and misstatement of fact are found throughout. These speeches did their work in the campaign, but they do not read well in a book by the President of the United States. They will be examined with curiosity by students of politics a few years hence, and the wonderment will grow that a campaign could be won by seven speeches of that character. Of course they would be dug up piecemeal from their sources, anyway; but why make it easy to deride our politics by assembling the whole between two covers? To label it The New Day and call its contents "measured statements of a new liberalism," is quite too much for those who have a little interpretative power and a sense of humor.

JOHN A. LAPP.

Art in Custody

Old World Masters in New World Collections, by Esther Singleton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.50.

NOW that a jury has discovered its inability to say whether a painting is a genuine Leonardo or not, the public can calmly return to its old conviction that few illustrious canvases are gathering dust in garrets. Whatever of famous art is now extant has been carefully catalogued and industriously bid up. It follows that only the wealthy can employ experts and buy masters. Furthermore, Americans are at least occasionally fabulously rich, wherefore Americans are in the market for Titians. The private collections in this country have, as a matter of fact, absorbed some of the very finest pictures in the world; and supervised as they have been by first-rate judges and dealers, the "fakes" that have been palmed off are not many.

Miss Singleton has selected 110 of these paintings and secured permission to reproduce them. As a result the public knows that Mr. Edsel Ford has bought lovely Fra Angelicos and that the Honorable Andrew Mellon is the proud possessor of a Hans Memling. It can also share, in a measure, the enjoyment which such spectacles of beauty induce, even though the reproductions (in black and white) are not all one could desire. Why are we unable to do the kind of work which the Reichsdruckerei supplies at so low a cost to the German householder, or even that which distinguishes a French periodical like l'Illustration? Valuable and interesting notes accompany the text, and the historical summaries are really excellent. Miss Singleton is sometimes the victim of namby-pamby phrasing, but remains on the whole readable enough.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

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Briefer Mention

Ancient and Mediaeval History, by Carlton J. H. Hayes and Parker Thomas Moon. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.60.

THE patience of those teachers and general readers who have long been awaiting the publication of a fitting companion volume to Hayes and Moon's Modern History has now been rewarded. Secondary school teachers will find the new book to be about the ablest and most up-to-date text on the fields covered. More advanced scholars will find the work a brief but extremely convenient synthesis of modern historical scholarship. The general reader will find in the book nothing but what an intelligent American citizen should know of world history from the earliest times to the French Revolution. The book is confessedly a scholarly synthesis rather than the result of original research. But the very fact that the authors have made modern history their specialty has given them the happy faculty of incorporating in their new text-book "precisely those factors in the distant past which have been most operative in the recent past and are most significant at the present time."

English Comedy, by Ashley H. Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

NO GOOD survey of English comedy has been available, despite the fulsome studies which have been devoted to almost every aspect of it. Professor Thorndike's book begins with definitions of the dramatic forms involved, moves on to a discussion of the background, and then summarizes the history of stage fun in England. The best section is devoted to Elizabethan plays. Here one finds abundant information, shrewd comment and accurate delineation. By comparison the treatment of Restoration and early eighteenth-century comedy palls a little. There is no dearth of scholarly comment, but the picture remains somewhat vague and unappealing. The chapters devoted to more modern themes seem better, though it is difficult to attribute much importance to a great deal of the material or to trust critical verdicts about it. Viewed as a whole, however, this history is an eminently satisfactory performance, lucidly written, fulsome and agreeable in tenor.

Come and See!, by Imogen Ryan. New York: Convent of the Sacred Heart.

THIS simply written, beautifully illustrated series of devotional talks by a Religious of the Sacred Heart constitutes one of the best books to have appeared in recent years. Texts from the New Testament outlining Our Lord's life supply the main substance and framework, and to each paragraph so chosen the author has appended appropriate considerations and counsel. The tone of these supplementary comments is so unaffected and practical that adults as well as children might read them with benefit. Colorful, full-prose pictures, of distinctly unusual merit, have been lavishly interspersed with the text.

Alma Roma, by Albert G. Mackinnon. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

THE present guide-book to historical and actual Rome seems to us just the right thing for people who wish to know the why and wherefore of all they see. Based to some extent upon Story's Roba di Roma, it conserves the pleasant literary flavor of that beloved old work and adds not a little additional information. Some comment on the conflict between the Papacy and nationalist Italy might desirably have been omitted.

Next Week

The Commonweal will publish

A PILGRIMAGE TO PITTSBURGH

***By* MICHAEL WILLIAMS**

This article, which is to be illustrated with several woodcuts, will describe the new Sacred Heart Church, monument to the enthusiasm of a pastor and his flock, and expression of genuinely modern and genuinely traditional aspiration.

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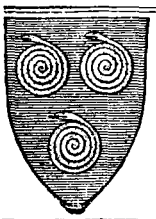
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Little Plays of Saint Francis, by Laurence Housman. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

MR. HOUSMAN'S little plays about the Poverello have now been tested by so many audiences that their value as modern art theatre is beyond question. The present book offers a cycle which deals with the life of the saint from youth to death. Scene after scene, poignantly dramatic and genuinely poetic, reveal a personality which the world loves more as the centuries pass. You may say that plays are never very interesting as reading-matter. You may aver that poetic drama is out of place in the modern theatre, even when that is the affair of amateur theatrical groups. But this book deserves a trial from both points of view and will, we believe, prove eminently satisfactory. Mr. Housman is, on the whole, scrupulously faithful to the spirit and letter of the Franciscan tradition. His occasional licenses—enumerated and accounted for in the preface—can be pardoned readily. May America welcome the book!

History of the Passion, by J. E. Belser; translated by F. A. Marks; edited by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company.

FATHER Belser's History of the Passion is not a devotional book like Gallwey's Watches of the Passion, nor a narrative such as Fouard's chapters dealing with the Passion. It is a minute, detailed, sometimes diffuse and repetitious, exegetical commentary, and as such is of interest chiefly to special students of Scripture. However, the Holy Week preacher who wishes to be exactly accurate will find the information here. For instance, if he follows Belser, he will not make the Crucifixion take place at noon, but at nine o'clock in the morning. And scattered through the book are items of much wider appeal, as Dr. Belser's opinion that Christ's public life lasted only one year. As to the alleged Holy Shroud, Dr. Belser says: "It is not worth while to pay any attention to the claims made for the winding-sheet of Turin."

Nollekens and His Times, by John Thomas Smith. New York: Oxford University Press. $.80.

SERIES of classics, modern and otherwise, now tempt almost everyone who buys books at all. Your eye can run up and down the list without meeting a single item that seems uninteresting. The title given above belongs to a comparatively out-of-the-way treasure, and is indicative of what can be found in the World Classics, product of a renowned academic press. It and its many companion volumes are neatly bound in Oxford blue, will fit into the pocket without a bulge, and are excellently edited.

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